

A Twenty-four Hour Romance.

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It is only the solemn truth to write that Miss Sarah Bingham was thirty-seven years old and unmarried and that she had romance in her soul, but it would be ungrateful to add that she was in the matrimonial market and had been ever since she arrived at the age of twenty. She had simply waited. She could afford to wait and persisted in giving her age as twenty-five right along and making herself believe that time was standing still on her account.

Miss Sarah was feeling in this serene and optimistic mood when she was invited by friends to be their guest at a summer hotel on the banks of a lake. They didn't consult her romance as much as their own interest. They had two children and a dog, and they figured on making the old maid work for her board and lodgings. She fell into the trap, but not to her detriment. One of the male guests of the hotel, who might not have noticed her in any other walk, saw her as a nurse and guardian and made advances. This guest was darkly supposed to be an actor—an actor who played great parts and made a great success of his job, but who was there in love, and wished to remain so. The other guests were respecting this wish, but following him about with bated breath.

Actors sometimes get queer notions into their heads, and Mr. Melotte got one into his. It was that Miss Sarah would make the greatest Juliet he ever saw on the stage. She had the form, the voice, the eyes, the nose, the chin and the toes. All that was lacking were cash and a manager and the removal of just one tiny doubt—a doubt no larger than the head of a brass pin. Did she have the necessary romance? If she did, then all was well; if she didn't, then alas! It has been stated that Miss Sarah did have romance and doted on it, but the next thing was to prove it to the actor. She took two days to cogitate and then went ahead. The hotel was surrounded by woods on three sides. One morning Miss Sarah left the whimporing dog and the howling children behind and started for the green wood and was soon lost to sight. She would be missed, searched for, found and be talked of as a romance.

Miss Sarah was missed. The idea was that she had been drowned. More than half the guests turned out to drag the bottom of the lake. The actor was not one of them. Coincidentally with the alarm he had been told by a far woman that Miss Sarah hadn't a dollar to her name.

One woman asserted her belief that the missing female had eloped with a tin peddler that had been seen driving past the hotel at an early morning hour, and in her excitement another woman said that any young lady that would leave a dog and two children to weep and wail by themselves should be severely dealt with on her return, dead or alive. These opinions were expressed to the actor for the purpose of drawing him out, but he refused to be drawn. He had just sat down to a mint julep with two straws in it, and why worry?

Miss Sarah had entered the wood with her heart aflame with romance. She hunted her way along for half a mile and then halted for the actor to arrive at the head of a rescuing party. He didn't arrive. She waited for an hour and then started to walk back. Her feelings were hurt, and she lost the points of the compass and became lost for good. When she discovered this fact she called and screamed, but only the chipmunks and the woodpeckers answered. She ran this way and stumbled over roots. She ran that way and went splashing into a creek. There was romance in the greenwood, but it was farther on. All that long, long day Miss Sarah was lost in the depths.

It was almost sundown when her good genius finally guided her to a clearing with a log cabin in the midst of it. Seated at the door of the cabin was a middle-aged man in homespun. He rose up and addressed her as "marm" and wanted to know all about it. When he had been told he declared that it was the romantic thing he had ever heard of. In her wanderings she had walked seven miles. She had escaped bears and "injuns" and wildcats, and if she wasn't what they called a heroine then he didn't know a turnip from a "rater bug."

Miss Sarah was tired, and she rested. She was hungry, and he fed her on pudding and milk. She wanted to get back to the hotel and enjoy her triumph, and he yoked up his oxen to the lumber wagon and drove her through the moonlight. The guests saw her coming and got ready to receive her. There was a general attitude of doubt and suspicion. There were snobs and snobs. When the humiliated and embarrassed maiden looked at the actor in an appealing way he turned his head aside and made it very plain that she would never grace around behind the footlights with his conspecific. The farmer had waited for the heroes, and he saw that there were none coming to her. He saw her crushed instead, and he stepped forward and touched her on the arm and said:

"Say, gal, they don't 'pear to appreciate heroine here. Come and be my heroine. I'll drive over agin tomorrow for your answer."

He did, and he got it, and then the guests were all jealous because a romantic young lady had struck a good thing instead of drowning herself in the lake or starving to death in the wood.

M. QUAD.

Hubbie—My dear, if I cannot leave the office in time for dinner I will send you a note by a messenger.
Wife—You need not go to that expense, George. I have already found the note in your coat pocket.—London

HAD PETITION TO THE QUEEN

Noted Men's Names on Curious Paper

FOUND ON SWINDLER

Thad Thousands of Worthless Securities Which He Rented Out for Use as Collateral to Money Borrowers.

New York, Dec. 7.—One curious paper found among the effects of Samuel M. Biddison, the broker who was arrested yesterday afternoon on a charge of forgery, and which does not seem to have any financial aspect, purported to be a petition to the Queen of England, Victoria.

To it were attached the names of John Sherman, Grover Cleveland, John D. Rockefeller and seven other prominent men of the last decade.

"To Her Majesty the Queen of England and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales:

"We, the undersigned, do earnestly beg your Majesty, the most gracious and beloved Queen of England, and His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales pardon for the numerous acts of our forefathers of over 100 years ago in declaring the independence of the United States.

"And now, after 100 years of independence, we come before you with this petition from a humble people and ask your forgiveness. We also acknowledge alone and beg of you that we may have the great and glorious privilege of being annexed to your great and glorious domain, in order that we may thereby enjoy all the blessings of a monarchy and government, and we here and now promise you we will never advocate a measure without international agreement.

The other names attached to the petition were those of Marcus Hanna, John G. Palmer, George M. Pullman, Simon P. Buckner, John R. Tanner, Lyman J. Gage and John G. Carlisle.

Biddison was still a prisoner today in the Tombs, unable to raise \$10,000 bail. In looking over his papers, representatives of the district attorney's office brought to light bonds, stocks, coupons and prospectuses, running in coupons from \$100 to \$200,000,000, and one statement was found which gave an estimate of Biddison's total wealth at about \$200,000,000.

Much of this was represented by claims on large tracts of land in various sections of the country, particularly in Tennessee, West Virginia and Indiana.

WRECKAGE FROM THE SOO CITY.

Mysterious Belts Marked "S. S. Stanley" Washed Ashore.

St. Johns, N. B., Dec. 7.—The mystery surrounding the fate of the ocean liner, bound from Chicago to Texas, was intensified Saturday by the finding of a number of life belts at Cape Race, bearing the name of "S. S. Stanley."

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AMUSEMENT NOTES

"Graustark" at Barre Opera House on Thursday Night.

"Graustark" or "A Love Behind a Throne" to be presented at the opera house on Thursday, December 10, is a dramatization of George Barr McCutcheon's most popular and best selling novel of the same title. Mr. McCutcheon is also the author of "Brewster's Millions," which was successfully produced last season. However it is the consensus of opinion that "Graustark" possesses far greater dramatic possibilities and is a much more interesting play.

As the sale of the novel has exceeded five hundred thousand copies, which is far in excess of any similar story published in a decade, it is safe to presume that the majority of theatre patrons are familiar with the story, but for the benefit of those who have not read the book, a brief resume of the story may prove of interest.

Graustark belongs to that class of Americans which the Socialists are fond of describing as the "idle rich" and is the son of an American banker who is travelling in the West. On a train at Denver he becomes interested in a young girl who is touring America in company with an uncle and aunt, and by native wit and nerve succeeds in making her acquaintance. He knows that she is a foreigner, but her nationality remains a mystery, and when she tells him that her name is Gugenlocker, he is half inclined to believe that she is the daughter of a German sausage manufacturer, although she has the carriage, bearing and personality of a princess. Before the journey ends, he manages to be of considerable assistance to her and she promises him to pay her a visit at her home, the city of Edelweiss, in the principality of Edelweiss. He has never heard of Edelweiss and Graustark—an unimpaired European determined to find the country. If it is on the map, and win the girl. On his arrival in Europe he meets a former college chum, Henry Engstrom, who insists upon accompanying him. They eventually succeed in finding Edelweiss and Graustark—an unimpaired principality situated in Eastern Europe, but are dismayed to find that not even the oldest inhabitants have ever heard of anyone by the name—Gugenlocker. Henry and his friend discover a plot to abduct the princess of the realm. Thirsting for adventure they decide to remain and frustrate the plans of the would-be abductors, and during the exciting adventures that follow in a thrilling scene which occurs in the boudoir of the princess, Henry discovers that she is none other than the mysterious "Miss Gugenlocker" of his quest, whom he met in America. He also learns that she is betrothed to a neighboring prince, whom she must marry to save her principality from financial ruin. This however, does not deter the interloper American from making desperate love to the princess.

The prince to whom she is betrothed is murdered by a jealous rival. Henry is accused of the crime and imprisoned, but through the intervention of the princess, is eventually released and after numerous hair breadth escapes, thrilling and sensational situations, and intensely interesting dramatic scenes, the story ends happily for all parties concerned to the tune of wedding bells.

The locale of the story lends itself readily to picturesque scenic settings and gorgeous costumes of regal gowns and military uniforms. The producers have spared no expense in this respect, and the production is said to be one of the most extravagant and elaborate ever given on a romantic play.

"Graustark" should and probably will prove a dramatic treat.

John W. Vogel's Big City Mysteries.

Ministry has been, and promises to continue to be, the favorite form of amusement, for four-fifths of the theatre-going public—and well it should be—no manner of a performance can include such a variety of material necessary for the attraction of the multitude; besides, it is the closest and best of all amusements. Then, there are no waits.

Promptly at the appointed hour, the curtain rises, and from that moment until the final bow without a hitch, the world's greatest vocalists, comic ditties by the best comedians on earth, who also furnish humor without a taint. The songs have been sung; jokes have been told; the Adonis like person in the middle has his friendly repartee with the various comedians with the bones and "Tamborine" Personal gags have been shown and beauty added because of the handsome paraphernalia used in the first settings.

The sentiment of the balladist may have caused you to be possessed of a feeling of intoxication; the festive wit of the comedians has amused you; the charming acts of the first part in its entirety has possibly astonished you; yet the glamour, frolic and fun rolls on without a hindrance.

There's no tiresome overture, but on the contrary the various novel feats gathered from all quarters of the globe commence, and ere the final has been reached you have had a goodly number of the world's greatest vocalists, comic ditties by the best comedians on earth, who also furnish humor without a taint. The songs have been sung; jokes have been told; the Adonis like person in the middle has his friendly repartee with the various comedians with the bones and "Tamborine" Personal gags have been shown and beauty added because of the handsome paraphernalia used in the first settings.

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SHOT WIFE'S VISITOR

Ray Coomer of Greensboro Killed by Husband

OF MRS. LEVI PARTRIDGE

Husband Returned to His Glove Home to Find Coomer There—He Took a Shotgun, Fired Pointblank, and Killed Him.

Barton, Dec. 7.—Ray Coomer of Greensboro, about 24 years of age, was shot and killed Saturday in the home of Levi Partridge, one mile from Glover village, and Partridge is locked up on the charge of killing him. For some time Coomer has been rather intimate with Mrs. Partridge, and his attentions have been the cause of considerable trouble in the Partridge family.

Last July Partridge swore out a warrant for Coomer on a statutory charge and he was lodged in Newport jail. Mrs. Partridge left home, but a reconciliation was finally effected and Partridge gave bail for Coomer's release and warned him to keep strictly away.

Of late his attentions became more marked, and about 3 o'clock Saturday afternoon Partridge returned from drawing some wood and finding Coomer's horse hitched outside entered the kitchen. Finding Coomer and his wife there, it is alleged, Partridge took down a shotgun and fired at Coomer point blank, killing him instantly.

He then threatened to shoot himself, but his wife prevented him, and as Leonard of Glover happened to be passing, he was called in. Selectman A. C. Phillips was at once notified, and Constable A. G. Sargent arrested Partridge and turned him over to State Attorney W. M. Wright of Barton. Partridge was locked up in the police station here Saturday night and was taken to Newport on an early train yesterday.

He is a man about 35 years of age, while his wife is somewhat younger. The people who know the existing conditions express no particular surprise at the tragedy.

As soon as the murder was heard of, Dr. F. R. Hastings of Barton was summoned. When seen that night by a correspondent, he said that he arrived at the house less than an hour after the tragedy had occurred, and as he entered the kitchen he found Coomer's body stretched upon the floor, one side of his head being completely blown off.

Partridge was sitting on the lounge in the sitting room holding on his lap the little child of Frank Walcott, who was being cared for by the Partridges. He had a revolver in his possession and at intervals threatened to kill himself, but he said:

"I brought you to it; don't kill yourself; perhaps people won't be too hard on you."

Dr. Hastings tried to persuade Partridge to give up his weapon, but did not succeed. Dr. Dow of Glover was called at the same time and tells practically the same story.

Selectman Phillips says that Partridge has had considerable domestic trouble the last two years, but does not place the blame for any of the trouble upon Partridge, who is a hard-working farmer and has a fair good reputation in the community. He is a native of the town, living on the farm his father formerly owned.

Mrs. Partridge was formerly Miss May Sykes and for some years previous to her marriage four years ago she was employed at the Peabody factory at Barton. Of her relatives nothing is obtainable at the present.

Partridge is practically alone in the world, his parents having died some years ago. Coomer's reputation was not of the best. For some time he was employed at the hotel in Greensboro, and lately he has been a farmhand. He had been employed by Partridge at various times, but since the July arrest Partridge had watched him more closely.

No one save the wife and the 3-year-old child witnessed the tragedy, and Mrs. Partridge will not talk. She accompanied her husband and the officers to Barton Saturday night and seemed to be completely untroubled.

'CAUSE HE WAS LONESOME.

Little Emmanuel Weil Writes to Dr. Stork for Baby Brother or Sister.

New York, Dec. 7.—Emmanuel Weil of 455 West 177th street wanted a baby brother or sister. He had heard a lot about the stork, who brings babies, but the only one he knew of was in Central Park. So Friday Old Dr. Stork of Park No. 2, Aviator, received his first holiday order. This is the way it reads:

Dear Stork—I wish that you would bring a little brother or a little sister, either one. Bring the baby to Emmanuel Weil, No. 455 West 177th street, second floor, New York City, but be sure to bring it, and then bring one to Elsie Ullman, 1889 Seventh avenue, New York City."

Keeper Robert Hurton, helped Dr. Stork read the note, but the doctor declared that he needed no help in filling the order.

"You see," said Emmanuel, when asked for specifications about the sort of baby he wanted, "I am very lonesome now. My sister, that, Elsie Ullman, get married a few months ago, and since then I haven't had anyone to play with. I would like a baby brother best. I hope that he has blue eyes like the baby next door, and that it has more hair than that one. They won't let me play with the one next door because they are afraid I would hurt it, so I want to have one all my own."

"Piles"—A Great Affliction.

No one who has piles needs to be told how they spoil one's comfort or how they pain and distress them. Dr. F. Davis' Pile Remedy is a positive cure to pile suffering—relieves in 15 minutes—permanently cures piles if you follow our easily carried out directions.

Your druggist has it—Get it today.

D. F. Davis.

Energy is well-nourished muscles plus well-nourished nerves.

Uneda Biscuit

are the greatest energy-makers of all the wheat foods.

5¢ In dust tight, moisture proof packages. Never sold in bulk.

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

MAGAZINE REVIEW.

In the World's Work for December, John D. Rockefeller quotes a letter to him from a member of the Rockefeller Institute, telling how Dr. Alexis Carrel of the staff performed the remarkable operation from the arm of a fellow physician to his lying infant, thus saving the life of the child.

A Water Farm.

Last year Mr. Walter B. Shaw, a one-armed veteran of the Civil War, sold from his "pudles" near Washington, enough Egyptian and Japanese lotuses, water-lilies, and brilliantly colored Japanese carp and paradise fish for aquariums to round out an income of nearly \$1,200 an acre.—World's Work for December.

The Country-life Problem.

"God made the country and man made the town," is only another way of recognizing the fundamental character of country life in our civilization. Country life would be abundantly possible with-out city life, as compared with city life. In some countries, like Russia, ninety per cent of the population live in the country; but city life is impossible without country life as its foundation. This fact gives the work of the present review commission on country life a very real interest to the dwellers in towns, as well as to those who live in the country.—Gilbert Pinchot in Suburban Life for December.

A Good Piece of Advice for a Boy.

In the December American Magazine, Stewart Edward White begins a series of stories of boy life. If the remaining ones prove to be as good as this first one, Mr. White will have produced as noble a piece of work as he has yet given to the public, and that is saying a good deal, because he is the author of "The Blasted Trail," "The Forest," and (with Samuel Hopkins Adams) "The Mystery."

The first story in this new series, which appears in the current American Magazine, is entitled, "Until the Last Shot." Without revealing the story one may indicate its essence and its wholesome spirit by quoting the following brief extract: "Bobby" said Mr. Kincaid gravely, "always remember this all your life, no matter what happens to you: a man is never defeated until the very last shot is fired."

"And remember this, too, that even if he is defeated, he is not beaten, provided he has done the very best he could and has never lost heart."

Horror of The Forest Foes.

Come with me to Minnesota, to that district where the United States Steel corporation and other mining companies are working, if you would see the American spirit of pluck exemplified in a remarkable manner. Drive with me over roads that are bordered with burning brush and trees, and through air so filled with smoke that it obscures the face of the sun. Visit with me the burned range town of Chisholm, its sister city of Hibbing and the little village of Grand Marais, near Lake Superior, that were threatened. See the numerous small settlements and homesteads that were destroyed if you would know the "spirit of the range" the indomitable will-power of the brave men and women who, in many cases lost all yet who in twenty-four hours were clearing each other, and planning new homes as they stood in ashes still warm from the fire.

Such is the courage of the range. Yet these people have been the sufferers in the greatest catastrophe in the history of Minnesota. Almost at the very door of Duluth, not many miles from Minneapolis and St. Paul, the forest fires have raged which swept over three states bringing destruction in their wake. One town, Chisholm, a city of six thousand inhabitants, was almost totally destroyed, a few brick buildings remaining. Thousands in this place and in the surrounding country lost everything but their lives. Homeless, without clothing or food, men, women and children fled for safety to the neighboring towns, which every moment expected a similar catastrophe. It is difficult to depict the horror of this fire. In Chisholm one woman died of fright. In several instances people were carried to their beds. The total number rendered destitute may never be known, for many were scattered on homesteads and over a wide range of territory with the settlements far apart, but twelve thousand surely suffered, and the property loss amounts to millions of dollars, while vast stretches of forests and agricultural lands have been devastated.—From "Cheer, Cheer, the Gang's All Here," December Technical World Magazine.

ACCLAIM SIMON PRESIDENT

Haytian Victor Refuses to Seize the Government

URGES A SPEEDY ELECTION

By General Assembly—Army of 8,000 Men Marches into Port au Prince—Firm Still Says That He's to Be the Man.

Port au Prince, Hayti, Dec. 7.—Gen. Antoine Simon, the victorious revolutionary leader, marched into this city early Saturday forenoon at the head of his army of nearly 8,000 men. He was received with acclaim and shouts of "Long live President Simon."

His troops were under perfect control and went at once to the barracks which had been occupied by the soldiers of Nord Alexis. Gen. Simon was met in the suburbs by members of the committee of public safety, who presented him with a crown of palms.

Accompanied by his staff officers and a small escort, the victorious general went to the cathedral, where a Te Deum was celebrated. As he left the edifice the populace again acclaimed him, the bells in the city were rung and throughout Port au Prince there was rejoicing.

Gen. Simon refused to go to the national palace and occupy the suite so suddenly vacated by Nord Alexis, but established instead headquarters at a private residence on the Champs de Mars.

One of the first acts of Gen. Simon was to dissolve the committee of public safety. In the place of this body he appointed a commission to take charge of the affairs of this city. Then he received a body of deputies and senators.

He urged these men to have the general assembly meet as quickly as possible to take a vote for president.

Gen. Simon was not disposed to assert his rights to the office. Instead he told his visitors to vote freely for their choice, and that he would abide by the decision of the majority. On the other hand, Gen. Simon's officers urged him to declare himself president, saying that he was entitled to lead the republic by reason of his victories.

Gen. Firmin is reported to have reached San Juan, Porto Rico, on his way to this city. Gen. Firmin is quoted as saying that he will be named president.

There has been an outburst of indignation because Gen. Coicou has taken refuge at the French legation, and marines from the Duguay Trouin have been on duty there constantly since Coicou went there.

SUNDAY LADY OF 'POSSUM TROT.

From a Lady of Luxury and Pleasure She Turned to Work That Has Made Her Name Famous.